

# **The Only Thing to Fear**

**Janet K. Wallace**

# Copyright Information

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1. The Only Thing to Fear

# Summary

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## Description:

Faced with her death, Queen Brahne reflects on the choices she made in life.

# 1. The Only Thing to Fear

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Kill.

Annihilate.

Slaughter.

Massacre.

Slice, tear, burn, shred, scream, beg.

Triumph.

Despair.

Happiness, sorrow, knowledge.

Omniscience.

I, sound, fear, doubt, horror.

I am. I exist. I... Feel.

I contemplate. Flesh. Blood. Love. Destruction.

In front of me, I see chaos. Flames, death. I am witness to the horror that I myself have created. Brought from the innermost depths of my very being, all this turmoil, all this rage, materialized,

transformed, crafted into weapons I thought I had control over.

How could I have been so foolish? I didn't even have control over myself. I lost it along with reason. Like an ordinary, disposable tissue, I absorbed all the dirt around me and thought about getting rid of it. Dirt doesn't suit a queen, but who am I to say? The blood of a queen is the same blood that flows through a hundred people.

There was no thought behind my actions, only cries of order. I forced men and women to commit barbarities, I was part of countless atrocities, and for what purpose but my own satisfaction? From the depths of my being, I brought all this turmoil, all this rage, all the pain.

Black Mages.

Weapons.

Puppets... Nothing but a puppet, I am. Kuja could get rid of you anytime, but for your luck, he still had some use for you. Well, until now.

He... Killed... You... Little... By... Little...

They all took... Something... From you... It was... A matter of time... Until you took something

back from them.

Kuja. He did something to me. He changed my body, my soul, my perception of reality. I became a shark, hunter and prey. I was so beautiful, then my skin became blue. The doctors blamed mist poisoning as the main factor, yet they didn't comment on my losses. My daughter, my husband... A newborn, a wise man... No wonder I became blue. And ugly. Rotten. Disgusting. Carcass. Deject.

So much happened in a few days. I was born again, given a purpose in life, through violence. Kuja was so convincing, and it was so simple. He didn't do anything when it came to my hatred towards the Burmecian kind. They were responsible for so many casualties. What you see, what you have done... Are you happy? Are you satisfied? I'm certainly not impressed. Wars like these are not a novelty in this world.

It was so easy. With the Black Mages and eidolons, it took a few days for the entire continent to kneel before Alexandria, before you and your magnificent power. The first nation to fall was Burmecia, then Cleyra, and Lindblum was next. I have conquered the known world and proceeded to advance towards the threshold between our world

and the higher dimension. I was to become a legend, a warrior queen, but my bloody legacy will probably be forgotten along with its victims. It's all I have, all I have acquired, all that is part of me now.

Immersed in the blood of your enemies and allies, is there any difference in what you see? Who do you hate if they're all the same?

Even the Cleyrans, who have never touched any weapons to protect themselves, had to suffer, but you didn't care. Why care for filthy rodents? Why care for their families? All you wanted was their gemstone fragment. You heard about the legends about a powerful eidolon... The most powerful, pristine, perfect eidolon, and you thought you would have it.. Absolute power for a wretched, pitiful excuse of a being like yours.

All the same... All is lost, all that I hoped for... It's all meaningless.

How ironic... To end up like this because of Bahamut... Because of an eidolon's power... Because of Kuja... Because of an order to kill. My armada, my units, my men, they're all gone. Soon... I... Will.. Be...



When everything darkens, when the afterglow on the sunset begins to turn into night, I see something different. I see someone by my side. It's impossible, no one wants me. Everyone hates me, everything hurts me, but my daughter... It's my daughter, I can't believe it. I haven't seen her for so long. How she has grown up. She reminds me of myself when I was pure and radiant. She talks to me, I try to talk to her, but I... I can't move.

I can't forgive myself. To say I'm sorry isn't enough. I wish I could do something... I can do something. I can't even breathe.

Garnet... My daughter... She tells me it's alright. But why? Nothing I've done was right. She says I've been manipulated, but I so wanted to be and I couldn't resist the temptation. She says I was not a bad person, but I know very well who I am. She says I'm her mother, but I... I cry. I was not a good mother. I do not deserve to be her mother. I... did not protect her when I was sane.

But where I'm going, I won't need to protect her. It's so bright, it's so dark, I don't know where I am, I'm so afraid, but my worries fade away when she smiles.

She gave me a chance to smile back. I haven't smiled since my husband's death.

When will... I... See... Him... We... Are... Together... Now...

My... Daughter... My... Little... Angel... Take... Me... With... You... My...

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